

"LET'S 'LOPE,' GIRL SAID, AND THEY DID

This Is How Little Bobbie Ran Off with Bella to Coney Island.

ROMANCE SOON NIPPED.

It Was a Desperate Affair Until a Cruel Policeman Gathered Them In on the Sands.

While a little boy with very red eyes and swollen cheeks toiled cans of standard oil from a wagon in Brooklyn to-day a little girl sobbed in the matron's room at the Coney Island police station. They are each ten years old, but they have loved, slept to Coney and lost. Such is the sad fate of lovers in prosaic Brooklyn. An angry stepmother declares she will never take the girl from the police station, and the little man is at liberty only because he has a job under John D.

The affair has been progressing for a year. Robert Pammenter's parents live at No. 199 Sands street, and little Bella Cannon's stepmother has a hat on the top floor of No. 131, only a few doors away. All the children of the neighborhood knew that Bobbie loved Bella. He denied it, of course, but Bella gloried in her conquest. What other young lady, she wanted to know, had a sweetheart who would give five flights of banisters so that she might slide all the way down to the front door? While she was there so great-hearted a sutor as would always give his inamorata the biggest kiss of all! Horrible sick!

Proud of Her Capture.

Bobbie wanted all Sands street to know she had captured the catch of the season. Why, she even arranged an observation party of other young ladies to spy on Bobbie as he, all unaware, rubbed down the banisters with hard oil. And Bella asked the others if they wouldn't like a sweetheart who would make sliding so easy.

But if the children knew of all this, the stupid grown-ups never suspected anything. And so, when Bella's stepmother sent her out to the grocery with 25 cents to get some eggs, she never guessed why Bobbie failed to come back.

There was the potentiality of realized romance in that egg money. Bella knew this, and when Bobbie came out of a house with an empty two-quart can to be filled at the tank-wagon he found Bella waiting for him. She opened one chubby palm and showed the two silver dimes. She nodded her head toward them until her dazed pigtails bobbed over her shoulders.

And So They Elope.

"Let's 'lope," she said. "What's that?" asked Bobbie, practical in all things, as besomes a Standard Oil attaché.

"Means goin' to Coney Island," was Bella's answer, and Bobbie dropped the can.

An hour later behind two lovers hand in hand wandering among the free shows of Surf avenue. There were lots of other couples, but this was distinct because he wore patched knickers and a dotted shirtwaist and she a little blue gingham frock. Yet they behaved as did the older and probably no wiser sweethearts.

It was about 11 o'clock that Policeman Donnelly came upon two little figures with arms entwined half buried in the warm sand. Donnelly is a good officer, but no more perspicuous than other men. Therefore his comment was:

Thought They Were Lost.

"Two little kiddies lost from their mother, poor things."

It was not granted that Donnelly should divine the grand passion that drove them out under the stars. "Don't you know where your mamma is?" asked the big man in as he gently shook them into wakefulness. Bella was the first to get her wits about her, and the two others followed.

"One," chuckled Donnelly, "was just reading the despatches from China, 'then it's off to the station I'll have to take ye both.'"

"By the time they were brought before the sergeant's desk, Bobbie was sold. Bella's eyes were dry, but they snapped scornfully as she said to him: 'Okey, boy, boy—there's no place like home.'

Bobbie looked up with a certain respect. The woman was to blame, of course, and he wanted to be taken home and go back to the station. Therefore they sent word to Bobbie's father, who came for him. Nobody called for Bella, and it wasn't until to-day that she began to weep.

Poor little Bella is an orphan, for both her mother and father are dead. She has a stepmother though, and that lady said to an Evening World reporter:

"Take her home. Never, I don't care what you say, take her home. I want her back. If she has a job and worked like Bobbie Pammenter it'd be different, but she's no good to me."

And there have been remarks on the course of true love.

Mothers Here Is a Way to Stop the Awful Death Rate Among Children of the Crowded Residence Parts of the City

The Evening World's Efforts to Save Little Ones Approved by Health Board.

BY RUTH EARLE.

One little chapter of city history has stared us in the face ever since Manhattan Island developed over-crowded tenement districts. Health officials have dinned the high summer death-rate of infants incessantly in our ears for many a year.

People have read of the hundreds of children sacrificed at the altar of crudely hot summer months, and bowed their heads to Providence and divine law. But the fearful rate of infant mortality that confronts us—a record for last year of 2,000 dead babies under one year old—is not a matter for resignation, but for the most vigorous thought and action. If these 2,000 odd babies died in this month a year ago it was not by divine will, but through human negligence.

And it is the duty of the citizens of New York to prevent as far as in them lies the annual summer massacre of babies.

It can be done.

Cleanliness Everything.

Fresh air camps and all manner of relief enterprises have demonstrated that sick babies can be cured in summer quite as well as in winter.

This year The Evening World is going a step beyond schemes for relief. We are about to prove to the people of New York especially the mothers that babies can be kept well all summer through no matter how high the mercury climbs.

Specialists in children's diseases have assured us that a baby's health in the summer-time depends upon three things—clean air, clean food, clean babies. We are going to show mothers that by enforcing the strictest rules of sanitation they cannot only fight off the undertaker that is supposed to lie in wait for infants from June until October, but keep their babies well and strong all season.

And most of all, we wish to make mothers see that a clean baby with a dirty dress is better than a clean dress and a dirty baby, but that a clean baby in a clean dress is best of all.

Dr. Darlington's Views.

At a conference of philanthropists and sociologists held in May of this year, Health Commissioner Darlington was asked what in his opinion was the best way to decrease the number of weak babies.

Get Outdoor Habit.

First, we want them to get the out-



A "TUMMIE" ACHE

Photo taken at The Junior Sea Breeze Camp for New Babies at 27th—West River.

TEST THE BOTTLE TO PREVENT AIR BUBBLES

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